

PREPARE FOR WAR!

JAN. 20th to FEB. 5th.

WAR

THE

GREAT CRY BOOM!

JAN. 29th to FEB. 5th.

CRY



VOL. XII. No. 17. [General of the U. S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JAN. 25, 1896.

[Committee for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 2 CENTS



"No death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"The sting of death is sin."

"And I looked, and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him."

FRIEND, somewhere, at the destined moment, that shadowy horseman, Death, will loom up on your path, and imperatively summon you to "Depart and go hence." Can you say, with Paul the Apostle, "About from the body, present with the Lord?"

Death knows nothing of earthly distinctions, nor can he be bribed. "A million of money for a moment of time!" shrieked a famous Queen, as the avenging apparition met her in her bed chamber, but Death stayed not the stroke of his uplifted spear.

"Ah," said a long impatient sleeper, as he clouched along the sidewalk intoxicated, "I'll go in here," and he entered the open door of a well-lighted church.

When he sat himself down on a seat at the door, the preacher rose and

gave out his text, "The wine of the wrath of God."

Like haunted memories of hidden crimes pointing with glassy fingers of fiery denunciation, and saying "There art the man," that text echoed and re-echoed in the drunkard's soul.

Utterly-aided with premonition—muttering those awful words, "The wine of the wrath of God!" the man, of many lost opportunities staggered forth into the gloom of the night, staggered on haunted by the words of the text till a shadowy door stood before him.

There he entered.

"Give me a glass," said he, "a glass of—of—" then, as if the echoing text had mastered his reeling brain and nerves like, he concluded—"of the wine of the wrath of God!"

That moment the shadowy horseman met him and slew him. He threw up his arms and sank to death on the bar-room floor. "The sting of death is sin."

MRS. BUTLER, a Salvationist artist, lay dying of consumption at

(Continued on page 4.)

is a difficult one, and very few of the people understand English, so that the officers have nothing as yet to work by, except some choruses learnt off by heart, and the help of an interpreter. A number have been out for salvation—seemingly in most cases the pick of the congregation; but it is difficult to get and keep them in this big city.

The collections during the first week have averaged rather less than a yen nightly, and the hall costs 20 yen a month for rent.

The congregations consist mostly of young men, with a sprinkling of older ones and of women and children. They behave themselves very well indeed, though it takes them some time to understand whether they may shout out or clap after a speech or a song. The interpreters are so polite that one feels uncertain of getting any sentence about sin and hell properly translated.

"Our prospects are highly encouraging. We mean to bring thousands to the cross. The Salvation Army is the thing for the Japs. May God bless us with great showers of His Spirit!"

Caught on the Fly.

THE COMMANDANT set sail from England on R.R. St. Louis on Jan. 11.

MRS. BOOTH, though still unwell, does her human work at the head of affairs.

COLONEL HOLLAND is a regular writer, and the 12 o'clock knock-drills at Headquarters.

BRIGADIER JACOBS and the Staff Band went out to the new farm and opened the barnyard there on Sunday, January 12th. The men were much pleased.

MAJOR READ and ADJUTANT PHILLIPS are both booked for meetings there.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE, and ENSIGN McNAMARA have left for the Northwest.

At the Adjutant's farewell meeting at the Temple on Sunday night, ten souls came to the penitential form.

ARTHUR MORRIS, the young son of Major Morris, has done the single row of yellow brick, and now answers to the name of Cadet.

CAPTAIN JONES, late of Riverside, has been appointed to the New Farm.

MRS. L. T. GREEN, the wife of our Dairy Specialist at the Farm, has presented the Salvation world with a lovely Cadet. Mother and child are doing well.

Kentville Circle Corps S.D. Boomers.



Capt. McKay, Second Corp. Major Smith, Third Corp. Major Smith, Fourth Corp. Major Smith, Fifth Corp. Major Smith, Sixth Corp. Major Smith, Seventh Corp. Major Smith, Eighth Corp. Major Smith, Ninth Corp. Major Smith, Tenth Corp. Major Smith.



Our G.B.M. Braves—MRS. CLARKE, the Agent for Seaforth.

WITH THE CRUSADERS IN IDAHO.

Oh, for the pen for penning of a ready writer, or of one of those famous Army writers, to give the scenery, the dancers, the mines, the miners, the mountains, and the meetings a proper description!

I left Spokane on Friday morning, bound for the Clear Lake—Sagehen—a week-end with the Crusaders' Band. I arrived there at 5:30 p. m., and found, from a man on the street, that the boys had

GONE UP THE MOUNTAINS

further, and were at Gen. Got off the Gen. at 8 p. m., and spent some of the hard boys through the car window on landing. They did not expect me, as the wires were down and my telegram was not received.

Gen. has two mines in operation, both working silver and lead ore. We went down in the "Price mine 200 feet, after going in on a level 1,200 feet. The men were very kind, and showed us through the whole works, seeing the dirt worked by compressed air, and got some specimens of silver and lead ore. The Concentrator crusher handles 450 tons every 24 hours. About 100 men work in the mine, in shifts of eight hours each, Sundays as well as work days. The place only has about 200 or 300 of a population. Crowds of miners and others crowded our meetings Saturday and Sunday, and

HELPED IT'S LIBERALLY.

The people were exceedingly kind, saloon-keepers, church members of all denominations almost bulleting the boys. We had the school-house Friday and Saturday, and the Miners

Union Hall Sunday free of charge. One young fellow, noted as a bad boy round the place, got saved Sunday night. A number of men and others came to the front and shook his hand and wished him their luck. God bless the postmaster with the white sweater. He was much interested, and did us no little kindness.

This report is written on the train, somewhere near the boundary between Washington and Idaho, 100 miles from Spokane. We have been stilled by

A WRECKED FREIGHT TRAIN

and the snow drifts, and may be out all night, 21 hours late, and it's a long time between meals! There's not a house of habitation in sight, and no prospect of dinner or supper, and till breakfast time to-morrow.

SO LONG. F.F.R.

Another Opening in the Far West.

WALLACE. — The Crusaders have opened Wallace, fitted up a barracks, and are looking for some blood-and-fire soldiers to fill the substantial platform we made for them. Four

and have sought salvation during our visit. Two can be depended upon as Salvagers.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE we had a pretty long time on the streets, but on going to the hall everyone was too busy drinking, swearing, fighting, or sleeping to follow us up. Not willing to let the empty benches, we took the drum and beat a march round the town, stopping in front of a saloon (can't hard to find one), had another open-air. Opposition at first was present. One man, on the outside of some whiskey, began getting off his nonsense, but a buon companion came along, grabbed him by the collar, dragged him through the snow, and that was the last of him. Two or three more were seen, but they brought the crowd to a serious point.

BUKE was the next place to visit, so off we start on a seven-mile walk through the snow. We are treated with great respect, and they kindly loan us the Miners' Union Hall, where we spent and sing salvation into the people. After the meeting we have to find the coldest side of a plank to sleep upon. Ensign Shea has reported our meetings a place called Gen. our next appointment.

After Gen. we set off again, heading for Wallace, where we lost Ensign and one of our boys, Arthur B. Nothing must stop the work in future, so on we go to fight until the last.

H. MARRIS, Captain.

Told in Bivouac.

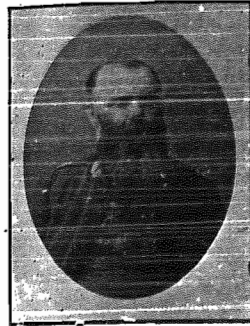
A FEW WEEKS ago a man came to the penitential-form for deliverance. He sobbed and cried aloud for mercy, but to all appearance without obtaining it. Believing that there must be something that he was not willing to give up, I approached him on the subject, and found out that he was not willing to give up using tobacco. I told him that God could not save him until he placed his all on the altar, so after a while he threw from his pocket about a half a pound of weed and the dirty clay pipe, and with determination ringing in his voice, he said, "I give up all for God." Peace came to his soul, and he went on his way rejoicing.

—COC—

ANOTHER instance came before my eyes yesterday. After a lot of earnest-pledging, a young woman came out for salvation. She was a backslider, and as she knelt at the penitential-form sobbing over the past, she was asked whether in future she would take her stand for God alone and give up all worldliness. This was her beseeching, and while seeking for mercy her fingers were decked with rings, and her hat with four feathers. Prayer after prayer ascended to Heaven upon her behalf, until at last the rings were taken from her hands and the feathers from her hat, the latter being committed to the flames. Hallelujah for ever! She said that at all cost she would follow Jesus.

CAIT. E. SIMS, P.A.B. for R.O.P.

Thinking it was none of anything similar to above, the thing of which you can reach (in, please send it).



COMMISSIONER RIDSDELL, our Swedish Commissioner.

THE FOREIGN FIELD.

JAPAN SUCCESSFULLY ATTACKED.

Tokio I. Corps Fleated.

(A Brief Summary of the Doings of Colonel Wright and his Party.)

JAPAN—Population, 40,458,461 in 1921. Area, 377,933 square miles.

STRATEGY—East coast of China.

FORMATION—4 large islands, 200 smaller ones.

RELIGION—Shintoism and Buddhism. Any religion is now tolerated.

CHARACTER—Clean, ingenious, intelligent, polite, and to the last.

The English Party of Salvation Pioneers consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Wright, Brigadier and Mrs. Powell, Ensign and Mrs. Payne, Ensign and Mrs. Gledhill, Captain Devereux, Clerk, Babcock and Potter, and Lieutenant Hart. These have been followed since by Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Smith, the latter a Japanese Lieutenant from the Pacific Coast.

The first Japanese officers reached that "Land of the Rising Sun" about the beginning of September, '95. They were met at the wharf by about 200, mostly Japanese, in semi-European dress.

"The few Europeans," says a chronicler, "vainly tried to conceal their disgust when they saw us in Japanese costume. The Japs themselves were filled with curiosity, which speedily turned into strong appreciation."

The first meeting was held on the 22nd of September in the Salvation Army Headquarters, Tokyo. There were about fifteen Japs present. One man prayed till the

TEARS ROLLED DOWN

his cheeks, and three more came to the penitential-form. The meeting place was quite open to the public, and in the street outside a large crowd gathered.

The next meeting was attended by 500 Japs. The Colonel, through an interpreter, gave an address on the rise and progress of the S. A. It was much appreciated, eliciting hearty applause and laughter at intervals. The Japs are very responsive.

A Salvation Army Song Book is already in the hands of the printers.

A music hall has been hired, and meetings are being held in it nightly. The whole party is hard over ours in studying the Japanese language, and are looking forward to the time when they will be able to dispense with the interpreter and conduct their own meetings. The words

"KIN SSI GUN,"

are Japanese for "Salvation Army." They mean literally "Save the World Army." This is the nearest we can get to it.

All the Japanese papers have spoken very favorably of our work, and have given us a cordial welcome. We learn from a later despatch that Tokyo I. is floated. The hall that is situated right on the railway terminus is secured, and meetings are carried on nightly and three times on Sunday. A congregation can always be reckoned on as 150 persons right on

DEATH!

(Continued from page one.)

Melbourne. "Shall we sing, dear?" said her sister.

"Yes-sing," replied Mrs. Butler, feebly.

The sister and a watcher began:

"Who, who are those, beside the child is weeping,

Just on the border of the silent grave,

Shouting Jesus' power to save,

Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

The dying saint joined in the song, and waved her hand to the time, but like the pendulum of a clock about to stop, with each word the motion of the hand became less, till only a finger moved, and when the two women at her bedside commenced the chorus, "Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,

Washed in the blood of the Lamb," the moment of destiny for Harriet Butler had come. Her hand dropped motionless on the white coverlet, the grim pursuer of the human race met her then, but she saw him not, and scarce felt the blow, for her eyes were riveted with the unfolding glories of Christ, her Redeemer, and like all those who have been translated out of the material darkness into the marvellous light of the Kingdom of God's dear Son, she could say, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Friend, when you lie on your dying bed shall you meet death like the man portrayed on the frontispiece of this War Cry, or like her of whom you have just been reading?

It is to God and your own heart you should yield, then act as your conscience dictates.



One of our Auxiliaries, and a member of the Naval and Military League, as he was photographed at Hong Kong.

Our Local Officers.

GOD BLESS THEM!

MARION, OF WINGHAM, whose picture was in the Cry recently, is the man who heard Colonel Dowling talk about holiness and recuperation, not in a declamatory, but in a practical way. He went back to his store, threw up the top of his ears, burnt all the playing cards he had in stock in the store, and presented the Army with an earnest, premeditated wish that the powers of the invisible in him and his wife would when he got sanctified.

"My God, I'm an awful fellow after all, with all my profession!" This was the expression he used when the light broke in on him. He was considered pretty square and good, too.

He's a regular, he is, and no mistake. The salvation he got through the lukewarmness of the man who played the fiddle has a power of desirability in it. You'll find him on the job at Wingham, if you go.

Note.—D. O. we request that to the Editor, with portrait of their local officers for this column. 400 to 500 words is long enough, and the sketch should be written sufficiently interesting to make good reading for the thousands of War Cry readers who do not know the territory referred to.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASD NOT HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO)

FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

IT is not often we hear from MRS. MAJOR COOPER, but she is fighting away as resolutely as ever in charge of Hamilton St., and training her two little daughters to follow their sainted father's footsteps on earth, and to meet him in the skies. Referring to the Major, she writes: "They say that time is a great teacher, but I must confess that it has not healed the deep wound that was made in my heart over five years ago, but of late the Lord is helping me in a wonderful manner, and I feel such a joy in living for OTHERS. I am getting on nicely. The Lord is saving souls, not so many as we would like, but we are praying, believing, and working for more, and He has promised to answer prayer. While the waters have been deep of late, we have had the assurance that God would bring things out all right, and so He has, without even the smell of fire on your garments! And then to think that amidst the rush of the battle you should remember my little ones! Grace was so delighted, she danced all round, repeating, 'I can never forget Mrs. Booth!'"

Dear MRS. MAJOR SHARP, far away in Newfoundland, with her bright spirit on the alert for souls, says: "I only want to live so that others shall be blessed and made better by my life. My soul hungers more after the Spirit of Christ, I want to be more LIKE HIM. How often I sing that dear old verse, 'Take my poor heart, and let it be forever closed to all but Thee.' While I meet with fresh temptations, I do want to have my spirit closed to all but Christ. I believe to-day I am in the place where I can be the most use to God, therefore I love the place I am in. I never loved the light more than I do to-day. Hallelujah!"

It is beautiful to see how quickly our officers get to work, and how the organization of the Army provides a special corner for everybody. Whatever their rank or circumstances, or capacity there is some little clink where they can fit in, to go on with the fight. Here is a Rescue Officer who was forced through failing health to step back for a while. There is everything to cause her to settle down at home with folded hands, but no. She sends word, "I am doing what I can. I have taken charge of THE CHILDREN. They are getting along nicely. I started with four, and the last time I had twenty-nine, but oh, how I do long for the time when I can go on with the fight. With my Saviour's smile and His joy my hand to guide, there is nothing else I covet except to do more for Him."

Captain Collet, at Wingham, sets one smiling with her new version of an old chorus, "I feel like saying," she declares, "as they sing of the Queen, 'Grant them victories, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God bless our leaders.' I want to live so that neither my Lord nor the Salvation Army will ever regret my having called me into the service. The Commandant remarked that some people's sympathy was so deep that you could not react it. I have felt that. I am one who would appear to be like that, but I can truthfully say I never felt more one with God, the Army, and my leaders than I do to-day. I intend, by God's grace, to do more this year than ever before."

"I am AIMING HIGH," Captain Soper testifies, "but I do believe God will help me reach the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus. I aim to do nothing less than a real warrior. I

am so thankful there are some true saints who do live up to the mark themselves, as well as try to teach others to come up to it. I will to be all God can make me, but it seems to take me so long to reach there."

MRS. ADJUTANT McGILLIVRAY gives us a leaf from her married life. "I feel I have much—oh, SO MUCH—to thank God for. In return for His bountiful goodness and lovingkindness to me all I am, and all I have shall be His. I am truly thankful that He has willed it that my life shall be spent for Him in the Salvation Army. I want to be WORTHY THE NAME of a Salvationist. I feel more than ever conscious of my own utter weakness, but on the other hand I have a deeper, fuller sense of the power of our Almighty God. Last year—my first as an officer—was the very best year of my life."

MRS. ADJUTANT TAYLOR, too, finds her Heaven complete in the service of the Saviour, with many a chance to point poor, storm-tossed souls to the cross at her post in the Social Work in the London Shelter. "As regards my own soul," she testifies, "I am praying that this may be the best year, and that I may become more useful for the Master. The deep desire of my heart is summed up in this little verse:

"I long to be more courageous, Lord,
A hero in the strife;
Give me, dear Lord, THE LION'S
HEART!"

Oh, give me larger life!"

With what interest we notice the handwriting of dear MRS. ENSIGN MATHY. How many of our ladies still think of their days of Cambridge under their Training Home mother, then Staff-Captain Banks. Her experience has the same ring of thanksgiving now as then. "The Lord has been so specially good to me, she declares. I have so much to praise Him for. I am longing to be made a blessing to the people, and my LITTLE THEBESURE is doing splendidly for me. She is a strong, healthy child, and I am believing—If God shall spare her—she shall be made a blessing to many souls. I do earnestly crave grace to enable me from her earliest days to train her for the Lord. We are naming her 'Anne Catherine'—see second name after my Army Mother. I want her to be a partaker in the best army spirit."

"I do value my privilege as a SALVATIONIST." So runs a letter from ENSIGN JOSE, who has left her beloved Newfoundland to pitch her tent in Canada. "I value it more and more each year. It is so grand to be able to FREE TO SERVE, and I have found no joy to compare with the joy of knowing that God is making me a blessing to some hearts and lives. I am praying that God will make me a real blessing to the girls in the Rescue Home."

Thank God for the fighting spirit. LIEUTENANT WARD, of Bowmont, writes: "I have seen with me, who has become my aim in all. Hallelujah. And he has fitted me with the fighting spirit, and with His help I am going in to extend His Kingdom and increase the ranks of the Salvation Army."

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but pain; and the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone. George Eliot.



OUR KNIGHTS OF VALOR.



NELLE DALLAS, St. John III, N.B.

SALVATION - SOCIALISM.

"Deeds—not words."

WORKING WOMEN'S HOME.

74 AGNES STREET, Toronto is the number of a nice, respectable-looking house, which has across the front of it in big gold letters on a black ground, the words, "Salvation Army Working Women's Home." Over the doorway another rather striking sign has the two words,

"JESUS SAVES."

In one of the windows a white cord with blue letters reminds the passer-by that the Home is also a "Day Nursery," and that children left there will be properly cared for.

As at the bell brought Captain Lawrence, a halcyon lassie, with a kind and smiling face, to the door, and shortly after Lieutenant McCann came downstairs attired in regulation uniform and cap for out-door duties. The Home is bright and cheerful throughout, and will well repay a visit from any persons who wish to see what the Army is doing for the very poor in this way.

The voice as upon the Home by the women who have in the past availed themselves of its

WARMTH, FOOD AND SHELTER, may be gathered from the fact that one of them made the Home a present of a goose for Christmas day dinner.

The children in the Day Nursery are clean, warm, bright, and happy, and one of them, a little colored boy of between two and three years, a sort of miniature Ethiopia,

HIS JET BLACK EYES

staring mischievously, toddled up and laid out his little brown face for a make with all the care imaginable. We prayed soon after, and he was set as much as home by getting an orthodox position for prayer. The two officers mentioned, with Ensign Holman, ran the establishment. They speak highly of the kindness of some of the city's citizens, who are liberal with food and money. Registered beds are kept ready for inmates, and since the inauguration of the Home by Mrs. Booth, in January, 1911, beds have been supplied, and \$5,000 made. Here's the tariff:

Cup of tea, two cents.
Bread and butter, two cents.
Soup, two cents.
Irish stew, five cents.
Bed, ten cents.

It costs ten cents to leave a baby there for a day.

It will easily be understood that these prices do not meet expenses, but they enable the Army to help the poor without any loss.



NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, CORPS.

ABOUT THE Great Cry Boom,

JAN. 29th to FEB. 5th.

(Written for Soldiers, Recruits, and Friends throughout the Territory).

BY MAJOR J. READ.

AMERICA has had some Booms in her day. Canada has been in no wise behind on this line. Some of these Booms have gone up like a rocket and come down like the stick, leaving a trail of smoke behind. Some which they had never heard the word "Boom." Others have boomed and boomed until their farting has been made. However, Boom is the word, as far as Salvationists throughout the Territory are concerned, especially just at this time. The War Cry Boom is now about to begin. In a few days it will be upon us, in fact be at its height. In this boom every recruit and friend can take

active part in securing new subscribers and customers. Just a few pointers to all interested parties:—

—II—

Did you sign the "reply" to the Commandant's Manifesto a few weeks ago? Then stand by your leaders and help them out. It will be well for each of us to remember that this corps has been given a certain number to sell. Your Captain will tell you just what the figure is. Take the responsibility of selling so many, and God will help you do it. Soldiers should remember that the profits got from the sale of the Cry go to help save the world. Of course there is

not a soldier throughout the Territory who will fail to buy a Cry themselves. No more borrowing one from another, but be independent and get a copy of your own. Then read it well, and go and tell others of its good qualities. Get your relations interested in the Cry. Perhaps your grandfather, grandmother, uncle, or aunt have never set their eyes on this lovely paper. Shame if they have not. While other papers are full of political and war talk our gazette is filled with up-to-date facts about the fight against the forces of Beelzebub.

—II—

Why cannot each soldier secure personally at least three new subscribers or customers? This would materially assist. Then loyal soldiers will also remember that the more Cry's are sold the more financial assistance will be given their brave officers in connection with the F. O.'s Clothing Club. It is a great advantage to have a paper delivered at your own door. If you become a subscriber this advantage will be yours. The government will do it for you gratis. What a consideration! If you take a Cry weekly yourself you can then with confidence urge others to take it. Go at it, then, ye hearties!

—II—

Be very careful in filling our your Boomer's Report. While putting lots of spirit into soliciting subscribers and customers, put the same spirit into the manner in which you fill out your Report. Keep it clean. Make correct entries. Let it be an advertisement of your business capacities. Keep names of "subscribers" on one side of the Report, and names of "customers" on the other. Every item and amount must be carefully entered, as any muddle in this respect will spoil the scheme. Tell each subscriber that they will receive an official receipt for their subscription direct from H. Q. with their "third" copy of the

Cry. Remember that the Captain has to make out his report from the Boomer's report. Hence the great need of keeping the latter very clean.

Let the street sales be pushed ahead with even greater energy. Some of our dear soldiers in Winnipeg and Victoria have done exceedingly good work on this line. Don't let it flag or drag. Keep up the speed, and watch the Competition Roll in future issues. Oh, the numbers of dear people in prisons, poor houses, hospitals, and like institutions, who eagerly wait and watch for the weekly advent of this harbinger of peace and mercy! Soldiers and friends, it is yours to satisfy their longings. See that you do it. Be careful to see that you pay your admission fee to the special meeting on Saturday night, February 1st. The fee will be—ONE WAR CRY!

—II—

Bombard the villages. Assist your Captain by forming one of a Brigade who shall systematically visit the villages and outposts around your corps. Don't begin to canvass until you have yourself carefully read through the columns of the Cry.

—II—

NOTE: Try and make every customer into a yearly or semi-yearly subscriber.

Pacific Nuggets.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.—We have been making things lively around Moscow for a while. We had a "Drunkard's Home" represented on our platform. A very impressive meeting. Christmas night the little ones of our Junior meeting, and as many poor children as we could gather in, were made happy by a Christmas tree, or rather four of them, for we had that sum-

ber very well loaded. The following night we had enrollment of soldiers, the first time in Moscow. The hall well filled with people. They paid good attention all the way through and especially so to the swearing-in. Four men and four women were added to our ranks as full soldiers in the Army. There are others whom we expect to enroll before very long. Our watch meeting last night was a time when God came very near to us. His Spirit was poured out and we had a glorious meeting. When the invitation was given six precious souls came out. We had a number of testimonies to wonderful answers to prayer. It was long after midnight when we went home, praising the Lord for the privilege of working for Him in the Army.—Capt. and Mrs. [Name]



CAPT. WOODRUFF and LT. ZIEBARTH, of Bozeman, Montana, the Pacific Province S.-D. champions. Raised \$2500.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the glorification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

WAR CRY BOOM.

With the greatest pleasure and assurance of its value to our whole Territory, we invite the special attention of our readers to the deeply fervent letter from Mrs. Commandant Booth, on the subject of the War Cry Boom.

BOOM NOTES.

NOTHING in the history of religious literature has equalled the marvelous rise and progress of the Army's celebrated weekly paper, the WAR CRY. Twenty years ago there was no War Cry; to-day it is published in about sixteen different languages, in thirty-eight different countries and colonies, and with its satellites for the young people, the Social work, etc., circulates just upon a million copies weekly throughout the world.

The War Cry has not achieved this unparalleled triumph by pondering to either the world, the flesh, or the devil. It is a straight salvation paper, and its motto is, broadly, "For God and Humanity." The War Cry is the official gazette of the Salvation Army, the work of which organization it mirrors and upholds, in the full belief that the Army is one of the best organizations extant for furthering the purposes of Christ in the world. Its present status in the periodical literature of the age is a triumphant refutation of the reiterated assertion that strictly Christian principles are not compatible with commercial success in these competitive days, it having reached its present exalted, God-given position without the aid of a cent from advertisements and without the sacrifice of principle. The War Cry is God's paper, speaking for God's Kingdom every time, and the profits on it go into no man's pocket, they are devoted to the spread of the War as much as the donations and ordinary offerings of the people.

The value of the War Cry to the public generally cannot well be overestimated. It furnishes one of the best means of offence for our Army soldiers in the aggressive war on Sin which the Army wages in every land. With the War Cry in his or her hand (for women and men have absolutely equal rights in the Army), the Salvation soldier finds his way to the saloons, race-courses, theatres, and wherever sinners and the shaming are. Instances abound where the message of salvation through the War Cry has reached the hundreds of places like those mentioned, and resulted in their conversion, while its influence in the conversion of nominal Christians and stirring up professing Christians generally has been most remarkable. In the War Cry the ministers and churches have a great auxiliary, as the paper is sure to add to the effectiveness of any Christian people who read it.

To our own people the War Cry is indispensable. Besides furnishing a splendid weapon for aggressive warfare, its songs and gospels supply ready help for every meeting, its holiness

and other articles bless the soul and instruct the mind, its story of war inspires to fresh efforts for Christ; "it is a social, spiritual, missionary and temperance organ all in one." In a word, it means salvation for the unsaved, sanctifying zeal for the people of God, and it is the Salvationist's weekly hand-book for the street war, the barracks, and the home. Without it, no Salvationist can keep up to date with the progress of his own organization.

For a long time the Commandant has contemplated increasing the sales of the War Cry by one great annual, systematically-organized effort. The time has now come for the first War Cry Boom Week, the first in the Army's history, so far as we know, to take place. A hand-book of instructions, written by the Commandant, has been sent to all the responsible leaders in the field, the necessary paper machinery has been supplied, and the battle is about to commence. We commend the cause to God and our comrades of all ranks, but especially the soldiers. Like Self-Denial Week, this Boom Week is the battle of the rank and file. We say again, the individual workers in our ranks hold the keys of victory. Comrades, the War Cry is at once God's paper, the people's paper, and YOUR paper, to push its sale is to advance the cause of Christ as much as any other of our Army operations would do. What shall be your response to this opportunity and call to war?

Finally, let no one of us depend on the mere fact of possessing a wonderful organization. Good as that is, it is only the body, and the body without a soul in it is but a corpse for burial. Comrades, trust in God. Go out to this Boom Week in His name and strength, be saturated with the Spirit of Christ, make this a holy crusade indeed, fought by "men of hope and faith and prayer." If the host who go to war in this special campaign go FROM THEIR KNEES TO THE FIGHT, nothing can withstand us, the victory will be won, God will be glorified, and souls will be saved. Pray, comrades, pray.

Amongst the many statesmanlike schemes for furthering the Salvation War which the Commandant has devised during his administration here, none have been more radical or more consistent with the intrinsic spirit of the Salvation Army than the present great reduction in the price of the Army's official organ. The Army, if it is to make progress in that realm for whose spiritual need it was specially created, must ever answer quickest to that need which is the greatest. The flag of Christ, pointing to the poorest, indicates unerringly the direction in which our chiefest effort must be applied, and it is cause for deep thankfulness that with the flight of time the Army is bending its energies increasingly in that direction. The General's famous message, "Go straight for souls, and go for the worst," is surely an inspired one. It is, then, thoroughly in keeping with this that the War Cry goes down from five cents to two cents in price.

For over two years the Commandant has had the matter under consideration. Privately or in council, almost every officer throughout the Territory has been consulted, and now, at last, triumphant as is the step and the risk, the deed has been done, the paper, with no reduction in size, is to sell at two cents a copy.

The great fact which has weighed with the Commandant, and forced his decision, is that the Army is of and for the people, but a five-cent paper is not within reach of the greater part of them in these hard times.

The cause is now commended to God and His soldiers: it is on the lines of coming closer to the spiritual needs of the people. God knows our hearts, —fearless we await the response of the Boom Week.

Hurray for the Two Cent Cry!!



LEUT. ZIEBHART, 1st Vol. 1, 2, 3, who sold 250 War Cry's in a day, 100 on one day, 100.

In all our wide Territory, comprising about 3,000,000 square miles, reaching east to Bermuda, west to Vancouver, north to the pole, and south to the 45th parallel, there has hitherto been no War Cry-boomer found who could wrest the Cry-boomer championship from Sergeant Jennie Hahkirk, of Winnipeg. Now, however, one of our American officers stationed at Victoria, B.C., has actually gone far and away past the Hahkirk standard, and records a 350 sale, while Lieut. Smith, of Bermuda, records a 200 sale. May the Lord specially bless these three boomers.

Query—Will Lieut. Ziebart keep it up? Nay, she cannot go back. A boomer on his line and determination to plant the standard so high will never know a retreat as quick. That being so, how will the widom champion, Sergeant Hahkirk, tolerate second place? I believe, a brave, good Scotch blood in her veins, and therefore will not give in easily. Lieut. Smith's mettle we do not yet know; a good start, however, counts for something, and he will go highest in Boom week? There is much unused ability dormant in our great Territory, and Boom week will unearth some of these sleeping giants.

WINDSOR, N.S.

App-al Cases Funds Urgently Needed.

Brigadier Scott sends us a cutting three columns long from the Hunt's Journal published at Windsor, N.S., in which Judge do Wolfe, writing in the capacity of a citizen of Windsor, sends an open letter to the Mayor and Town Council, there about their recent action towards the Army. The Judge presents an excellent case for the Army, basing his argument on the Army's past conflicts and victories for the right to preach Christ in the streets, and then, by quoting the late Mrs. General Booth thus: "I said to a magistrate a little while ago, who asked whether we would not give up the processions: 'Oh, dear no! I would give them up, but we catch our grandest flesh by the processions.' 'But,' said he, 'we would give you a field to go in.' 'Oh, thank you,' I said, 'but the men are not in the field. We are after the people, and we must go where the people are.' 'Well,' he said, 'what are you going to do, supposing all the magistrates proclaim the towns?' 'I said, 'go on, to the towns.' 'Suppose they put all your officers in prison?' 'Oh, I said, 'we have plenty ready to come after them to fill their places. You try it, and when the prisons are full, then the

English people will rise and ask who they are compelled to keep the people in jail, and pay taxes for this support, for preaching the Gospel.' 'But,' he asked, 'what will you say to the magistrates who say, 'God save you?' 'The old answer will do.' 'Whether it be right to obey man rather than God, Judge ye.'"

Our readers will probably remember the circumstances which give rise to Judge do Wolfe's letter, viz. an attempt on the part of the authorities at Windsor to interfere with our regiments in the open-air. The case was appealed, and at present judgment is deferred, the Judges who tried the case desiring to inform himself more thoroughly on the judgments given upon similar disputes in Great Britain.

We have now to appeal to our many friends, lovers of righteousness and liberty, to help us meet the expenses involved in connection with this suit. We have no money or funds for this purpose, and specially need the generous assistance of our readers. Donations sent to Brigadier Scott, St. John, N.B., will be acknowledged in the War Cry.

The Crusaders' Band, in charge of Captain Marris, are doing a good work in Idaho in the mining camps. They go down in the mines, billet with Catholic saloon-keepers, get some bad men saved, and sleep on the soft side of a seat in their halls occasionally. Two unsaved young men at Gen brought out a cornet and tenor horn, and joined the boys in their music.

The Very Latest.

[SPECIAL BY WIRE]

MONTREAL. — Braves march for ward. We are still active fighting for and gaining the victory. Saturday at Refuge, meeting led by Sergeant Johnson, two souls were found seeking mercy. Sunday, glorious hollow meeting, outcome, two for salvation, one for purity. Starting their next meeting, comrades' faith rewarded, two souls found weeping for mercy, making results for week-end six for salvation, one for penance. Soldiers going in to push WAR CRY DOOR. More fire for souls in our watchword. Another triumph being arranged. Glory!

Rejoicing this morning at Design Watson's. Another Cadet arrived. Mother and boy are doing well. —Frasin D. McAdamson.

THE LATEST!

HAMILTON I. — Splendid welcome meetings. Beautiful crowd of warm-hearted soldiers and friends. Two souls. God glorified. Hurray for Stephens —Eugene Lowry, Captain Stephens, and L. H. Macdonald. ST. THOMAS. — Captain Steele, the P.A., with us for week-end. Big time, large crowd, wonderful times in the open-air, devil kicked, city stirred up, souls saved, deep conviction, processions away up G. R. street. Come and see us again, Captain. —Captain Wisniewski.

WESTERN. VICTORY IN S.D.

We are all rejoicing that we have got our Provincial target, \$4,000.00. The following districts have gone a long way above their targets: WINNIPEG, Adjutant Reimer, \$1,000.00; DON, Captain Watson, \$500.00; GRAND FORKS, Captain Galt, D.O. FARGO DISTRICT, Captain Hughes, D.O. have got their target, while the other districts have come in a little behind, but all have worked hard. The following corps have gone over their targets: WINNIPEG, Ensign Goodwin; WINDSOR, Captain Watson; VIRDEN, Captain Hays; NEPESHA, Captain Wilkins; CAPTIVITY, Captain

The Question of the Hour.

MRS. BOOTH

Issues a Manifesto to the Soldiers of North-West America, Canada and Newfoundland.

My Beloved Comrades,—

During the Commandant's absence in England, my heart is stirred to its very depths in an earnest endeavour to arouse in you the fervent anxiety I feel for the success of this great "War Cry" Boom, with its momentous consequences.

The Anniversary Councils of 1895 will be marked in Army history for the exceptional earnestness with which this burning question was entered into and discussed. But now the time has come for action.

Action!

Now, it remains to be seen whether we have force and fire enough to carry our convictions INTO PRACTICE.

The metal of our devoted troops has been tested repeatedly, in many a fierce and subtle battle, but the pure gold of enthusiasm has survived, and shone out above all the malignant opposition with which the prince of darkness would defeat our advance.

I cannot, will not—I DARE NOT—believe that in this instance we shall allow our sworn, relentless foe to check-mate us! Ah, NEVER, whilst we grasp the hand of our Crucified Redeemer! NEVER, whilst we drink of the cup of His pity for the poor, sin-starved crowds. NEVER, while for one hour we can watch with Him in dark Gethsemane, as He wrestles there in anguish, with a broken heart bearing the burden of a sin-cursed world.

No, we shall NOT face failure!

We Shall Conquer!

We shall conquer—but only with the aid of ALL! Our advance must be UNANIMOUS! We must move forward in one compact, solid square, not an officer faint-hearted, not a soldier to waver. We need the weakest. Close in, dear comrades; rally to the bugle. Let nothing hinder. Forward, with your "War Cry" charge. Let fly your feathered arrows, your white-winged messengers. Scatter them in such enormous quantities amongst the enemy that their camps shall be levelled to the ground, and a million captives be set free.

Our Charging-Step—

The Love of Christ.

In closing, let me quote a few lines to you: "The Spartans," says the historian, "used not the trumpet in their march into battle. Their charging-step was made to the mood of flutes and soft recorders. The valor of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse." And so, to-day, the charging-step of this brave wing of the Salvation Army is set to the sweet melody of Free Grace and Dying Love.

"THE CROSS IS THE ATTRACTION"—QUICK MARCH!

There is not one moment to be lost.

Yours in the thick of the fight,

Cornelle Booth.

THE GENERAL IN AUSTRALIA.

A Continuous March of Conquests and Ovations.

143 SOULS AT BRISBANE.

LAUNCESTON.

The General arrived by special train shortly before 8 a.m. and was heartily welcomed by a strong reception party.

At 9.30 a.m. he conducted a Council at the Temperance Hall. This was hardly over when he was solicited for a press interview, in the commencement of which he rather embarrassed the reporters by saying "there was nothing he enjoyed more than getting pressmen into the Kingdom of Heaven, because if they were all converted there would be a chance of the press exercising a wonderful influence for good, and helping to bring about the millennium. Unfortunately, he said, pressmen never came to him and said, "What must I do to be saved?" The pace seemed getting a little hot, and a judicious question brought the General to mundane affairs.

The Social meeting at the Mechanics' Institute, presided over by the Mayor, was very largely attended, a great number of the leading citizens, several members of Parliament and ministers of religion occupying seats on the platform, as well as members of public bodies.

The meeting terminating but a short time before the a.m. Continental left to catch the Melbourne steamer at Rosevears, there was only time for a hurried luncheon. A great crowd of Salvationists and others assembled on the wharf, and the General, amidst enthusiastic the greatest enthusiasm.

TOOWOOMBA.

was the next place on the list. It took them eighteen hours to get there from Sydney. The day was sultry. The sun blazed white hot, but a large crowd gathered in spite of it at the depot, where Mr. Groom, M.H.R., welcomed the General in a very meritorious speech. At night he took the chair at the Social Scheme meeting. In spite of the almost insufferably stifling atmosphere, it is the opinion of the members of the party that the Toowoomba address capped the list. Time followed.

BRISBANE.

where thousands of people gave the General a most terrific welcome.

The Mayor of Brisbane, Mr. Frazer, had prepared a beautiful illuminated address of welcome on behalf of the city, and bearing its official seal.

On Sunday the Opera House saw some grand salvation scenes. There was a big break in the morning among the unconverted. In the afternoon and night the godless crowds received special and particular attention, the grand total for the day being 77 souls. Monday was a repetition of Sunday. After speeded meetings all day there was a brilliant finish, caused by the capture of 66 souls.

OUR KNIGHTS OF VALOR.



LAWSON, Captain, 1st Battalion, 1st Division, N.S.W.

Wilkins; RAPID CITY, Lieut. Campbell; FARGO, Ensign Hughes; GRAND FORKS, Ensign Gale; GRAFTON, Captain Kemp; EMBERSON, Captain Cronarty; MORDEN, Ensign Smith; POIT ARTHUR, Captain Thomas; POIT WILLIAM, Captain McKay; MOOSE JAW, Captain Dwyer, and MOOSMIN, Captain Mervin. There are fifteen above and nine below their targets. All the camps in Brandon district went above their targets. We are all giving God the glory.

MAJOR H. BENNETT.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Extraordinary Campaign for February, March, April.

S.D. TARGET REACHED.

THROUGH the good blessing of our Heavenly Father and the faithful toil of His sons and daughters, the S.D. target has been reached. Observed by this accomplishment, and a beautiful manifestation of His power and presence at Moncton during our Staff Council at the commencement of the year, we feel bold to venture upon a united effort for the furtherance of the war during the three months mentioned. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Carefully considering the possibilities before us, the difficulties that surround our path, the enthusiasm of the Eastern troops, and the grace and power of God to help us, the following has been decided upon as an increase on any other figures for a three month's campaign:—

- 1.—To capture 650 prisoners, or an average of 50 per week.
- 2.—To put 300 soldiers on our rolls, an average of six per corps, apart from what has been done.
- 3.—To increase our visiting 2,000 hours in the three months, an increase of 150 per week, about three hours per corps per week.
- 4.—To conduct 100 cottage prayer meetings, averaging one per corps per week.
- 5.—To raise the attendance at Kneaded 1,800, an average of 100 per week or one person per week.
- 6.—To obtain 100 Junior Soldiers.
- 7.—To raise 100 new J. & S. Candidates.
- 8.—To raise 20 new Candidates.
- 9.—To thoroughly organize the Ward System where it is necessary.
- 10.—To organize and regularly conduct census meetings.
- 11.—To increase our Local Officers.
- 12.—To increase the cartridge money.

In addition to re-arrangement of the rents of the Army properties in the East, and taking part in the War Cry Boom, we enter with strong faith upon the three month's campaign. We are now putting forth every effort to make the War Cry Boom a gigantic success. In addition to this and the property arrangements, we hope to accomplish our target.

Each district will have a target given them. The district officers in turn will deal with their corps. We are hoping, by the good blessing of God, that we can be done with believing, sanctified hearts and hands, that we shall come rejoicing beaming in our sleeves with us.

Praying that God will bless all readers of the Cry.

Yours in earnest Christianity,
T. W. SCOTT, Prov. Sec.

East Ontario Briefs.

OTTAWA.—We have started the New Year for great victory. Three months have sought and found salvation, being in for a boom in every branch of the work this next three months. Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman are fighting. Lieut. Kirkwood and the bulletproof tailor are trying to do likewise.—H. C. Kendall.

PETERBORO.—God has blessed us abundantly this week. Our watch-night service was grand. A poor sinner came to Jesus. We also had a march after the watch-night service. We had a banquet New Year's day. All day Sunday God came near. One soul at North-Mary Lang.

Another feature that is worthy of attention, and further evidence of the fact that the girls "are the boys to do it," is shown in the fact that little Morrisburg, with its lassie Jennie, left the disabled Cornwall and its hind companions away behind, when will Cornwall remove this blot from her former white page of unsullied fame?

We blushed to put Sanbury and Trenton in the same class, as there is no comparison between them from point of population, but lo! the terrier has whipped the mastiff, and Sanbury leads by nearly double the amount of her opponent. Such are the mysteries of war!

The following are worthy of honorable mention for points mentioned:

Amounts collected by Bands—MONTREAL 1.
Amounts collected by Bands—KINGSTON.
Amounts collected by D.O.A. Nives—SIS. E. SIGN WISEMAN.
Sisters arrangement—ENIGMA McHARG.
Sisters return—CAPT. CAMERON.

We will not say for energy and push, for there is ample evidence of this almost without exception in all the corps. The D. O.'s especially rallied their troops in fine style, and were satisfied that they have at any rate spared no pains to make the effort a success. Were we to name a D. O.'s wife we would say Mrs. Enigma McLean, now of the Dimple, Toronto, whose untiring efforts, when weak in body, had much to do with the splendid result achieved by the Kingston corps.

CHANGES.—Adjutant Archibald has arrived and taken charge of the Kingston corps and district. There is every sign of a splendid work having been done during his stay. Several fine conversions have already taken place.

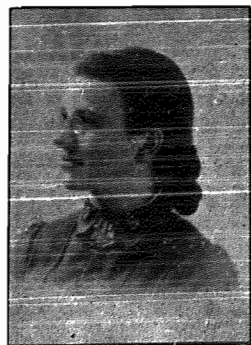
Ensign Alex. McLean writes in glowing terms of his first Sunday at Belleville.

The redoubtable Sammy (Ensign Blackburn) has taken command of the Cobourg district and is determined to make it warm for that personality whose characteristics are blighting men's lives, and whose distinguishing peculiarities—according to popular thought—are a long tail and a black face.

THE NEXT FIGHT—The War Cry. Our troops are in fine trim for fighting, having had plenty of it during the past six months. The manifestoes are being filed up, brigades organized, plans for systematic attacks on burgs, towns and cities by dividing into wards, soldiers becoming boomers, buyers being made advertisers, and other things are being mooted to carry the position out before us by our beloved leaders.

The secret of success lies in intelligent and united action, as per instructions. Let the various steps embraced in the scheme be taken at the time specified for each.

The Aggressive Covenant Scheme is being pushed. Several corps are having revival times in the soul-saving line. Hallelujah! J.M.B.



LIEUT. SCOTT, Missoula, a knight of valor.

After the Battle!

The Latest Bulletin from the East Ontario Province.

A week or two ago we ventured a few words of prophecy as to the probable result of the self-declared effort in the various districts. In the main we were correct, though there have been one or two startling exceptions. The following shows the order according to the targets allotted, and the position of each according to the actual result:

TARGET.	RESULT.
1. Montreal.	1. Montreal.
2. Ottawa.	2. Ottawa.
3. Kingston.	3. Kingston.
4. Belleville.	4. Brockville.
5. Beekville.	6. Peterboro.
6. Peterboro.	8. Belleville.
7. Sherbrooke.	7. Oshawa.
8. Cobourg.	8. Sherbrooke.

It will be noticed the first three districts maintained their positions. We would not have been surprised to have seen Ottawa displace Montreal. As it was, the Imperial forces gave the latter a pretty close chase. We gave the Peterboro and Belleville commanders a hint about the stamp of a fellow they had to contend with in the Brockville D. O. With commendable skill he led his troops up to and captured the Belleville position. Peterboro also came up like a bulldozer and pushed the Belleville forces over further back, bringing the latter down from the fourth position to the sixth.

The expected tussle between the Sherbrooke and Cobourg districts respectively was also referred to. The latter had the advantage, but the worthy Cameron, with indomitable energy, captured the position and left Sherbrooke last on the list.

There was some heavy fighting all round, and the result has been awaited with eager expectancy.

CORPS RESULTS.

The following are the three champions, showing amounts returned above their targets:

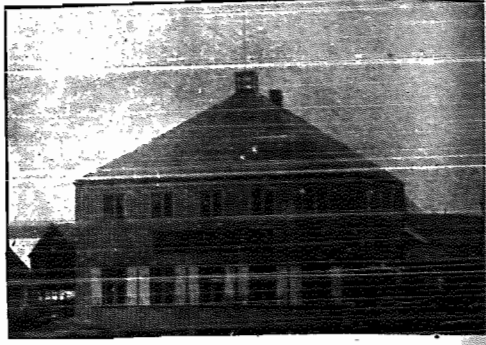
PERKIN—Capt. Pease and Capt. Bliss, \$70.00.
SHERBROOKE—Capt. and Mrs. Lee, and Capt. Lefebvre, \$15.45.
THE SOUTH—Capt. Moffatt and Lieut. Briggs, \$11.25.

Corps who have done above their targets—\$10 and under—Port Hope, Cobourg, Montreal II., Ottawa, Bedford, Sanbury, Conkousko, Waterloo, Camanche and Trenton struck the bull's-eye, and several nearly scored the number of points allotted.

There were many interesting features about this battle. The Port Hope Light Infantry gave the Cobourg Dragons a hard tussle, and finally, by capturing \$10 above their target, left Cobourg a few dollars behind.

Demeronto and Bloomfield had a meeting with the result that the latter had to retire.

Attention was called to the tug-of-war between boys and girls, as represented by the Huntington and Brighton corps respectively. We said we were not disposed to change our attitude towards the girls, and sure enough they gave the former a genuine defeat, leaving them some four dollars behind.



Our Hall and Headquarters at Reykjavik, Iceland.

Fire in the Frozen North.

More Stirring Icelandic News from Davidson.

ONE would have dreamed that these two boys in blue who landed in Reykjavik on the 7th of May last would be the means of such religious revolution and excitement, conviction of sin, and salvation rejoicing as has been the case. Surely the fire is kindled and is eating its way into the heart of the nation. Religion of warmth, life, happiness and reality is the only religion that is of any use anywhere, and so here there is a great crying, yearning, and thirsting after God. They have religion, but no God; dogma, but no life; church, but no Christ. The Salvation Army enters in an open door, the fields are white unto harvest. There are signs of boundless crops.

LOOKING back on the adventures of these seven months, we are filled with gratitude to God for the wonderful victory He has given us. The first to relate is that we have now secured a large building for hall and Headquarters, at the cost of \$2,300—a decent bargain. The devil had made up his mind that the S. A. should be without a hall for the winter, as he thought it was a very practical way to freeze us out. But he got left this time, as he always does, and when he least expected it the Salvation Army had captured the worst public-house in the town and turned out its keeper, with all his beer barrels and brandy bottles. Glory!

It was one Sunday in September that we unfurled the sacred banner of Jehovah over this old house of Baal. Alterations are now completed, and we have obtained a nice hall, which accommodates three hundred people. Beside this, there are fifteen

good rooms and many roomy outbuildings, together with a large ground, much of which we let out at a good rental.

THE opening meeting was attended by the Bishop of the State Church and other noted folks, who are in sympathy with our work, and have enough to show it. Now there is a wonderful wave of salvation sweeping over us, so that this month the soldiers' roll has been doubled, and the total of converts three times as many as any other month. The world and the devil can't make it. They thought we were going to hibernate before winter set in, but instead of that we are launching their ministry with greater results than ever.

This revival has roused a bitter opposition against us, and some bad things have taken place in and outside our barracks. The crowds are so great that the streets leading to the hall have been blockaded the whole evening, the police being unable to perse the crowds. However, there has been a declaration issued and posted up on every street corner, to the effect that persons assembling around the S. A. hall at the time a meeting are liable to a fine amounting to \$25.

THE Icelandic War Cry, "Hættu!" has begun its mission, and is gaining great favor among the people. In this town of 4,000 people we have obtained 160 yearly, advertisement subscribers, beside the corps sale of 350 copies.

Our greatest need is some native officers to open up the principal places around the coast. I am at present the only officer who speaks and writes the language, which makes it difficult to advance further. There are some Icelandic soldiers here and some in Canada who should be mischievous among their own people. What do they say?

THEOR J. DAVIDSON, Capt. Halvorsen, Reykjavik, Iceland.

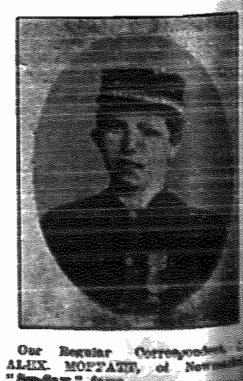
BEAR RIVER, N.S.—We had a beautiful time Friday night. Our Ensign was with us, also the officers and soldiers from Digby. We had a good crowd of people, who know how to behave themselves when company comes. One soul sought salvation and two laid up their heads to be prayed for.—Nettie Froese for Capt. Jessie Wilson.

NEWCASTLE, N. S.—Monday some of the comrades had a scrubbing frolic. Barracks looks much better now. Wednesday, Capt. and Mrs. Knight, and part of the corps, paid Chatham a visit. Quite a number of friends went along as well. Thursday, "Lido Story of Captain James Kemp, or more generally known as 'Ashbury'; Jimmie." Sunday morning one brother cut for salvation.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.L.B.

SYDNEY MINES, C. B.—Praise God, we are having the victory. Four souls this week. Others are converting.—Cadet Rogers for Capt. Curry.

SUBBURY.—We had a watchnight meeting on New Year's eve, and then marched the new year in after 12 o'clock p.m. Victory again on New Year's night. A previous soul found liberty. Another on the last Sunday in December, at our halldance breakfast. Our Junior soldiers attend well

and appear to be more and more interested in the work. One dear little girl professes to have found the S. A. Hall, for Ensign Gibbs and Capt. May.



Our Regular Correspondent, ALEX. MORTTARA, of New Brunswick.



Drummer Heath, Bandmaster W. Bowers, J. Wisegardener, Will Nichol, N. Miller, Capt. McDonald, H. Abbott, J. Westmore, J. A. C. C. Harris, G. East, W. Graham, George Dunlop, Herman Edwards.

[OUR SERIAL]

Uncle Ben, A NEWFOUNDLAND VETERAN.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

PART II.

"I WAS tinkin'," continued Uncle Ben, as he sat in the platin little dining-room, the glow from the sparkling fire in the grate shining upon his happy face, "whether it was not the pipe led me to drink. I remember my first smoke—and my last, with a sign of relief."

"I know I was wonderful sick with my first smoke. I did not know anything about the world, you know. When I was five I wanted to be good but seems to me I didn't have no one to lead me. It was not like 'Go to the Army.' There was no one to teach Ben the 'way of life.' It was when Ben had fastened its fangs upon him as a serpent that his conscience was thoroughly aroused."

"My father was leading a schooner one day," he told us, "and sent up liquor for all hands. It was the custom then, you know. They leaved the liquor in the cabin. I went down and drank and drank until I was full."

"I said I would never drink any more after that. I was sick of it."

"And did you ever break that promise, Uncle Ben?" we interrogated.

"Oh, yes, I drank more after that, to my sorrow."

"Then he told us about the time he might have acquired a little education, but was too careless to learn."

"I am sorry I did not like to go to school, but I learned to read the Bible and sang back after I got saved. The War Cry is too hard for me—"

"The time came, though, when I got convinced of sin. It was when I was going home in a schooner one time. There was liquor on board. My cousin encouraged me to take some. I was a married man then."

"Oh, yes, I have been married," as we looked surprised, we were so accustomed to seeing him alone, "but my wife has been dead twenty years. She was a good Christian—entirely—"

"and a worker, too. I used to go to church in those days when others. Still I liked my run. I stole some once THAT SETTLED ME. I never drank any more. It was twenty years ago I got converted in a revival in Trinity Bay."

"I suppose you had some good times in the Methodist church in those old days?"

"Yes, it was grand. I remember all about it, praying, dancing, shouting in real earnest. I believe I was truly converted by the Holy Spirit. I smoked a pipe at first. I knowed it was wrong to do, but there was the mind into me for it."

"Tell us why you gave it up then, Bro. Ben? It was before the Army days, wasn't it?"

"It was just this way: On my knees, three days after my conversion, I heard a voice say to me, 'Give up all.' I knowed it was the Lord, so answered back,

'WHAT IS IT, LORD?'

'Tobacco' the voice said. 'Give up all and you shall have all.' I said, 'Yes, Lord, here goes.'

"How did you become a Salvation soldier?" we asked this old warrior, who for so many years has known the blessedness of God's continual smile.

"I knowed all about the Army. I understood the Army. I believed a people was to come for years. I prayed for them. I know they was the

next to God to send them along. When first I seed them I say, 'They're the proper religion. They're the people for me.' It was plain as A B C to me. A man from England told me about it before that. I could not see why then the Lord was leading me into the Army. I see now. I have chances of doing good I wouldn't have any other way. It makes me happy when I think what the Lord brought me from. I was brought down to extreme poverty when I was six for three years. No, indeed, I don't mind you speaking about that. That was before my wife died. I had a family of four. My wife says to me, 'How are you going to get through the winter for food?' I said then, 'The Lord is going to send it along.' How did He do it? Why, He just opened the hearts of the people."

"Then I got better, and went to the ice into a large steamer. The Lord opened up other ways I could not see, and I made some money. He provided for me wonderful!"

"This long illness was not Uncle Ben's only trouble. Sorrow in a great sarging storm came to his tender heart after this time of privation. His wife died, leaving his four motherless little ones to his care. 'I didn't know how I was going to get along,' he tells of this dark hour. 'But I just kneeled down on my knees and asked the Lord to show me how to bring them up. He did help me! I went through a lot after that, for I lost three of my children.'

(To be continued.)

ST. STEPHEN, N.B.—Souls are being saved. Backsliders are coming home. The friends in this place did not forget us on Christmas eve, but brought to the barracks gifts of groceries and meat. On Christmas day Calais officers and soldiers came over

meetings. Since then three have knelt at the cross.—Capt. Moore and Lieut. Ryan, for Eugene Matthews.

HALIFAX, I.—Christmas has come and gone, with all its cheer and good things. On Friday night we had a big Christmas tree for the children. They were delighted. Souls are getting saved and sanctified. —Sergt. Major Cashin.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S. — Glory to God. His faithful few are still fighting. Devil at work. Meeting disturbed. Special "As you were" meeting on Thursday night. People quite interested.—Regular Correspondent.



ASSISTANT TURNER.

Chief Assistant to the Editor, The War Cry, 100, North Street, Chatham, N.S.



"Well, Jim, I say, the War Cry is the best thing going at the price."

Our Soldiers' Assembly

HOW HE LET THE DEVIL GET THE BEST OF HIM.

(Extracted from a private letter to Capt. C. J. Staiger.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To Mr. C. Staiger.

"H A V I N G H E A R D where you were, I thought it would be a good chance to pen you a few lines. . . It is more than likely you remember E—W—, one of your comrades in 1897 and 1898. Do you remember when our first swearing-in service was held, and how some of us thought the rules were too binding? Well, it was then and there that I, along with some others, went astray, and I am sorry to say that the devil has been leading me ever since. I only wish that I were a true soldier in the Army to-day, but Satan has me bound down too tightly. I cannot break away from his grip. 'Too much sacrifice, too much humility, too much unbelief' to overcome. I have been at an Army meeting for several years, until last night. I have been where there is no Army. . . I was No. 1 soldier in the H— corps, and I only wish now that I had let Christ lead me from that time until now. Instead of a life of misery it would have been one of peace and joy."

KNOWING that the swearing-in was not the only difficulty, but previous to that God had called me to the field. I in my answer pointed this out to him, and shortly afterwards received the following reply:

"Mr. C. J. Staiger. . . You can scarcely imagine how I feel after having experienced the life of a backslider for about seven years. I am very much ashamed of myself when I let the devil get the best of me at H—, after leading as a happy and peaceful life as I did for seventeen or eighteen months in the Salvation Army. It was Satan's work at the swearing-in time. How well I remember how we all

STUDIED THE RULES

from first to last, and someone raised the cry that it was demanding too much altogether, and right there the devil stopped in. However, I will agree with you that previous to the swearing-in the voice of God called me to the field, and I always said in reply that when my three years' apprenticeship at M— B— was up I would jump right into the field for God and the Army. But the time never came, as my employer, as you

know, sold out, and I was free to do as God wanted me to, if I hadn't backslidden previous to this time. . . When I think the matter over, I have to conclude that I was never really sanctified, although I imagined I was. You have to be willing to do anything for Jesus, no matter what He asks you to do, haven't you? And I cannot say that I was quite willing to work as an officer in the Army on account of the opinion of my friends and relations. . . Well, I can only say that I would like to be as happy and consecrated as you are, but there is no use talking about it when I am not willing to leave friends and relations and give myself up to God. The more I think of salvation the more miserable I get, and still it seems impossible to break loose from the fetters that are binding me down to this world. . . My advice to you is never to leave God or the Army."

After writing to him again, I received the following:—

"December 7, 1898.

"Dear Friend and Comrade. . . Your letter proved a blessing to me, as the advice you gave was a partial means of bringing me back to God after about eight years of wandering from my Father's house. Last night I fell at the cross, confessed all to the Saviour, and

GAVE MYSELF ENTIRELY

into His hands. Hallelujah! So I will be on the march to-night, and testify to a large crowd of God's goodness in forgiving my sins. . .

"In the matter of applying for the work, I hardly see my way clear to take the step for a while yet. However, I have made a complete surrender, and am willing to walk in the light as God reveals it to me."

"I may let you know how God is blessing me, and whether He is using me in soul-saving work. I am thankful for your service in sending me a kind word. May God bless you. Perhaps you may not write again; if not, I will ask your prayers that I may always be willing to follow Jesus and enjoy the blessing of holiness in the fullest meaning of the word. I will also pray for you, Goodbye. From your friend, J.R.W."



"Cheer up, mother! Here's something better than Red River Oil! It's the War Cry you want!"

BARRIE—After a little over a month's toil and God-given privileges, I have been appointed as their censor. On Friday night, one soul at the mercy seat. Capt. Hanna and

NEWMARKET—After five months' charge of this corps, Captain Jennie Howcroft and Lieut. Benetto have said farewell to Capt. Clark and Lieut. Hanna. They have been appointed as their censor. On Friday night, one soul at the mercy seat. Capt. Hanna and

on Sunday. Two brothers knelt at the cross and received the blessing of a clean heart. A welcome awaits a return visit of the Staff Band. — J. A. Moffat, S. A.

LITTLE CURRENT. — We are not alone now, for God has given us some real Word-and-fire converts who are not afraid to let the people know that there is cleansing in the Saviour's blood. At one of our outposts a gentleman got so in earnest about his soul that he pulled off his coat. Praise God, He set him free. We have seen over thirty fall at the feet of Jesus. They are on fire for God. — Capt. Pratt and Lt. Titled.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON. — Thank God, we have had the joy of seeing sinners come to God in Sydney. Since coming on December 1st nine precious souls have been saved. A number have held up their hands dearing our prayers. Some of the converts led the meeting on Monday night, and two were set free—Carrie A. Sabine, Captain, Florence Anderson, Cadet.



Hon. Smeatham. — "I don't want your War Cry." Boomer. — "Might do him good all the same."

EXPLOITS, NFLD. — Not dead, neither are we sleeping. We can shoot victory over reaching our target, and since E.D. dawned upon us we have had the joy of seeing nineteen precious souls at the cross. My, didn't they dance! Mr. Editor, if ever you come our way, don't fail to come in and have a look at it. We have got our new barracks shingled. — Lieut. Hiscott, Cadet Clark.

CLARENVILLE, NFLD. — This has been a most good week. Ten souls for a Christmas box. A visit from Eudgen Gooby and seventeen recruits ready to be enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. I have just ordered a stock of uniforms, also an increase of War Cry. Glad for Clarenville, only two months opened! — G. P. Thompson, Captain.

PILLIY'S ISLAND. — Monday morning we started for Ward's Harbor, to get a little money for the Self-Denial. We got there about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had a good meeting at night in Mr. George Padack's house, with one soul saved. After the meeting I explained Self-Denial to the people. Next morning Brother Jones and I started off to collect. We visited about fifteen houses, and returned with about \$1.50, and sold a few War Cry. At night ten souls knelt at Mr. Padack's lounge and sought salvation. Oh, my! what a time we did have! One girl was so anxious that she broke the bottom of the lounge. Next night we had three more. We got home on Friday with about \$8 and fourteen souls. God bless Father Padack, who was so kind to us. — G. Cooper, Captain.

SUMMERBIDE, P. E. I. — We have



"Guess they good folks'll read Me a Cry, now the Boon is on."

salvation. One of these has been saved for years by tobacco. The fire burned the heart. It is the stern. Five out for clean hearts. We must have results, souls saved and sanctified. — McEl.

CHATHAM. — The week-end meeting beautiful. Heavenly atmosphere. Soldiers act as if they were free. Lots of fishers and fair fishing. Two good fish and many more have taken the bait. Will be reporting them as caught next time. — Albert H. Cook, Captain, for Adjutant Cass.

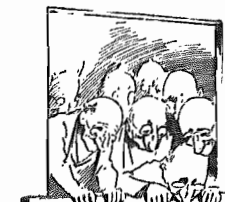
NEEPAWA. — Did you have a happy Christmas? Rather! Best one I ever put in yet. How was that? Why, the Lord spent Christmas with us. He came at 6:30 a.m., and worked with us. Then He went with us at knee-drill at 7 a.m. Then again at 10:30 for a good holiness meeting. Then in the afternoon we had a march and met the devil on the road. He suggested, "You'd better get home. People won't come out to-day." But we were bent on enjoying ourselves, supposing they didn't come. But they did come, and a sinners got saved. Hallelujah! And at night two happy-top time. Glory to God! — A. Wilkins, Capt.

PORT ARTHUR. — The lantern view shown by Captain Bailey, our G.M. agent, on his recent visit, were appreciated by all. "The Flower of Faith," being such a genuine Army scene, touched hearts that will be doubt after lives. Our meetings this year have been good. Yesterday, Sunday, we ended up with a good march around the hall, after seeing three souls fall into the fountain. — Captain Thomas and Lieut. Hammond.

INGERSOLL. — Quite a number of "big guns" have taken part in our recent encouragement. "John the Baptist," the "Hallelujah Shoemaker," from Chatham, Adjutant Turner, Design Gibbs, Capt. Harper and Scott all to the front. Crowds and interest spread. Enrollment of ten blood-washed Juniors. Converts getting on fine, sinners coming to the cross, and old veterans sticking well to their guns. — M. K.



Kneel Boy, to Gentlemen. — "Say, sir, don't you hear the Captain calling you? You've got to take to down your Sin Down Work."



Chorus. — "What's all that commotion about? Hey! Boon, did they say? Boon, didn't you-b-h-l! Boon the War Cry. (Altogether). Why,

SALVATION SONGS.

FREE-AND-EASY BITTIES.

Tune—"He's the Lily of the Valley," B.J. 7.

I've found the Way in Jesus, to
see my Lord of sin,
The way to joy and happiness be-
low:
The way to kneel and hear Him say
"Sinner, enter in,
My pardon this day you shall sure-
ly know."
I've found the Way in Jesus, to
weep with those who weep,
While on Him my every burden I
can roll:
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright
and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

Old Chorus.

I've found the Truth in Jesus, and
long in vain I sought,
Midst earthly joys and pleasures for
His price:
For Satan's ways so cunning my fool-
ish soul had caught,
While truth itself escaped my blinded
eyes.
But now my eyes are opened, the
beauty I can see
Of Him Who waited long to make
me whole:
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright
and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

I've found my Life in Jesus, the truest
life of all,—
The life that leads to rest, and joy,
and peace:
For when at last I yielded, obeyed
His loving call,
He showed me that my soul from
sin could cease.
My life is hid with Jesus, where Satan
cannot harm.
I leave it while I press on to the
goal:
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright
and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

Tunes—"Hark, the voice of Jesus call-
ing," B.J. 51; "Blessed Jesus," B.
J. 45, or "Guide me, oh, Thou
great Jehovah," B.J. 121.

Comrades, set the joy-bells ringing,
Wake the echoes near and far,
Everywhere the message singing,
"God will give us strength for war."
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
"God will give us strength for war."

Strength to break off every fetter
From our hearts, and step out free
And unflinching, for a better
Fight for Christ's own liberty.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Dare and do for liberty.

Vainly now doth Satan taunt us,
Mocks our confidence in God;
What he says no more can daunt us,
We have victory thro' the Blood.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We have victory thro' the Blood.

Onward march—Faith's watchword
glorious
Shines before us like a star;
Jesus' foes shall fall before us,
God will give us strength for war.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
God hath given us strength for war.
—Walter J. M. Benton, Durham, Ont.

FRIDAY NIGHT OR SUNDAY MORN-
ING SONGS.

Tunes—"Blessed Lamb of Calvary," B.
J. 75; "I'm believing and receiv-
ing" (with old chorus), B.J. 65, or
"Christ receiveth sinful men"
(with old chorus), "No feel thy
power, etc."

Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine,
All through life I'll follow Thee,
Now and ever I'll be Thine,
Thou my all in all shalt be.

Chorus.

Thou art a mighty Saviour,
Thou shalt never leave me.

Thou shalt be mine forever,
And Thine alone I'll be.
Blessed Jesus, be Thou mine,
Thou hast trod the path before;
When the storms and waves beat high
I will trust Thee more and more.

Now my all to Thee I give,
Soul and body, mind and will,
For the lost alone I'll live,
Joy or pain, I'll trust Thee still.

Take me, use me, for the lost,
Let my life be spent for Thee,
Keep me always near the cross
Thou dost bear to set me free.

—Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Omenece

Tunes—"Shall we meet beyond the
river?" B.J. 140; "Friend that's
ever near," B.J. 29, or "Not my
own" (with old chorus), B.J. 52.

Yes, I feel my utter weakness,
As through life I onward go,
But I know my strength's in Jesus,
And His blood doth o'er me flow.

Chorus.

I will glory in the fight,
In the strength of Jesus' might
I shall ever be victorious,
While I'm walking in the light.

Back from England!

WELCOME HOME, COMMANDANT!

Sunday, January 26th,

WILL BE A

RED LETTER DAY!

When our dear Leader, THE COMMANDANT, will lead very
Special Meetings in The Temple, Albert Street, all
day, as follows:—

11 a.m., GREAT UNITED HOLINESS MEETING,
in the Jubilee Hall (all City Corps unite).

3 p.m., SALVATION MEETING.

7 p.m., SALVATION MEETING.

The Commandant will be assisted by

MRS. BOOTH,
Colonel Holland, Brigadier Jacobs,
AND ALL THE HEADQUARTERS, PROVINCIAL, SOCIAL,
AND RESCUE STAFF OFFICERS.

SILVER COLLECTION AT THE DOOR AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

Now I have His precious promise,
Know that all things I can do;
Precious Lord, oh, loving Saviour,
Thou canst all my foes subdue.

I will glory in my weakness,
That the power on me may fall,
And go forward to the battle,
For my Saviour's all in all.
—Sergt-Major Casbia, Halifax I.

SALVATION FOR THE VILEST!

Tunes—"Open and let the Master in,"
B.J. 52, or "Prepare to meet thy
God," B.J. 2.

Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-
bear,
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die.

Chorus.

Then open, open, etc.

Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins, how high they mount;
What are thy hopes beyond the
grave?
How stands that dark account?
Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven, or down to hell.

Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Tune—"Throw out the Heline."

Take up the Heline, 'tis thrown
out to thee,
Over the waves of thy soul's trou-
bled sea;
Why wilt thou linger, and tremblin-
gly stay?
Take up the Heline—be saved while
you may.

Chorus.

Take up the Heline, take up the He-
line,
Danger is near then, oh, see!
Take up the Heline, take up the He-
line,
Jesus is calling to thee.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35c., 50c., 75c.
GLOVES—15c., 20c., 30c., 50c.
HOSE—20c., 30c., 50c.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FIVE
CIGS a chance at your ear—\$2.00,
\$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, and
\$7.

We Don't Keep Tea!

WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You
can get it at 30c., 40c., or 50c.
If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt.
Langhorn, S. A. Temple, a post card,
and he'll bring you any style you
want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MENS' CARDIGAN JACKETS.—A
genuine New Stock, extra heavy, su-
perior quality—all wool. Will sell
them good to you at \$5.50, seeing you're
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What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now
in stock:

Shield (large)	13c.
Shield (small)	10c.
Scrolls	15c.
Floral	10c.
Fans	15c.
Three-fold Screens	35c.
"Christ is Lord," etc.	35c.
Rules for To-day	18c.
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c.
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do.	10c.

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We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at
\$12.00, \$13.00, and \$13.50.
Send along your order.

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We would be glad if any officers,
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spare copies of November and Decem-
ber "All the World."
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ple, Toronto, Ont.

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Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec.
9th, 1922, and Nov. 24th, 1924.
Should any reader have these to
spare we should esteem it a great
kindness if they could let us have
them.

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with original
written by the General, and Ad-
dresses all things by the Officers
and Soldiers. There is no more glorious way to
spread the Gospel than by increasing the circulation
of THE YOUNG SOLDIER, which is the greatest
surely to maintain and intensify the devotion of the
Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more active
and constant co-operation with the members of
the World's Own, and the more ardent efforts to
spread the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus
Christ.

Published by S. A. International, by J. W. H.
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Canterville Rd., London, E.C.

The first condition of human good-
ness is something to love, the second
something to reverence.
We cannot judge for one another;
we have each our peculiar weaknesses
and temptations.

Announcement Extraordinary!

THE WAR CRY BOOM,

January 29th to February 5th,

INCLUSIVE.

The Value of the War Cry.

Every WAR CRY sold is a shot in the devil's locker.

THE WAR CRY IS WELCOMED
IN THE GAOLS,
THE HOSPITALS,
THE TRAINS,
THE HOMES,
THE SALOON.

In fact, like the cooling rain on a midsummer day, the WAR CRY is WELCOME EVERYWHERE.

The Armenians would cease to suffer if the Sultan of Turkey administered according to the principles of the WAR CRY.

It may be pretty certain that any man will read what he pays for. No more powerful tract can be circulated among the unconverted than the WAR CRY.

The ancient Crusaders organized to carry the Gospel into the land of Mu-homet. Let the Christian Crusaders organize to carry the War Cry into every heart of sin.

The WAR CRY is distinctly a paper of, by, and for the people.

The WAR CRY upholds right and opposes wrong without fear or favor.

The WAR CRY comes as a boon to the sick and dying in the hospitals.

Prisoners in jails are amongst the WAR CRY'S most interested readers.

The WAR CRY is a safe paper to admit to your home.


No sensible person denies the power of the press. The WAR CRY, therefore, should be a weekly visitor to every home.

Of the making of books there is no easy way the proverb. The WAR CRY supplements the baneful effect of unwholesome literature.

The General said: No man can look on the bleeding wounds of the Saviour without loving Him. The WAR CRY will cause the ungodly to reflect on the Saviour's love.

What comes as a boon and a blessing to men,
In city or village, o'er mountain and glen?

The WAR CRY.



A UNIQUE ADVANCE!

The Army still abreast of the times.
The Poor must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the advantage.
The Price will be within the reach of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.
THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.
The size will be the same as before.

The result will be more than twice the circulation.
The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be inaugurated to Boom the paper. The campaign leaders are Brigadiers Scott and Marges, Majors Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and Sharp. They will be ably supported by their dashing assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The clash call to war has already been sounded. The guns will soon be in position, and ere long the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry of victory.

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Caily the 'War Cry' arise on the breeze."

**TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.**

POINTERS FOR BOOMERS.

Observe:—

THE CRY is God's paper. It is directed to a simple, plain proclamation of the truth, and being full of up-to-date facts, it is more powerful than any tract could possibly be. And yet there are large and powerful societies that exist for nothing but the distribution of tracts. It is also more telling than any religious tract, because it has to be bought, and what people pay for, as a rule, they look at or read. Thus every WAR CRY sold passes into the hands of the reader as an unanswerable proof of God's ability to save all kinds of sinners. It is a real-hot record of Christ's dying love. Thousands have been saved through it.

THE WAR CRY is the official organ of the most God-honored movement of the present age. It tells of the conflicts and triumphs of God's modern Israel. It testifies how God can keep a great people one in heart and purpose; how we can love one another and stand firm to our principles, lending up the hands of our leaders and comforting the hearts of our brethren and sisters. It is religion in practice. It unites nations in the hands of Christ. It shows the light of the Cross shining upon the heathen, and the hope of Calvary dawning upon the most desolate among every kindred. It is a social organ, a spiritual organ, a missionary organ, a temperance organ. You have no occasion to be ashamed of pushing it.

THE WAR CRY is a paper devoted wholly to God. In pushing it have at least the satisfaction knowing you are not pushing "kitt's Blue" or "Pear's Soap," "Hood's Sarsaparilla." These of course if solders have been a year after year that might rolled into our coffers had we the columns of the CRY to worldly enterprise. No, the CRY is for no man's pocket. It is spoken for in it is for God's glory. Remember this, and use a reason that our people should like sacrifice push its sale.

The profits of the WAR CRY are devoted to the well-being of the Army. This is for me, for me, for me, there are no B. go to funds (if all sold), Poor the Provincial Office, tenance of Headquarters, which the work of God.

Selfish ends shall claim no

From the WAR CRY BOOM

For shall vanish in the light

For the highest end will not